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Chapel, June 9, 1889,

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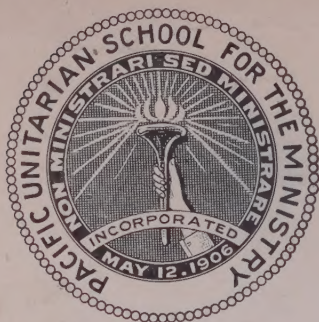
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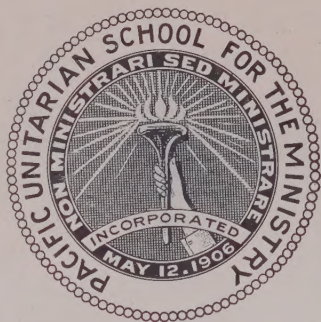
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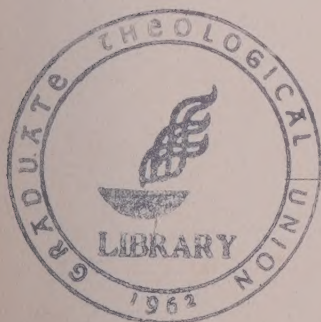
MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN

KING'S CHAPEL

June 9, 1889

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SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1889.

The usual Morning Service was read by Dr. Peabody and Mr. Chaney.

The choir sang the anthem by Mr. J. C. D. Parker, to the words, "Behold the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing into Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

The first hymn was, "Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime."

After Dr. Peabody's sermon, the solo from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," was sung.

The hymn, "O spirit freed from bondage," and the benediction, concluded the service.

SERMON BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D.D.

“These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.”—REV. xiv. 4.

So wrote the seer in his vision of heaven ; and is there not in these words the genuine life-record of the dear pastor and friend who has gone from us ? Seldom has one passed away for whom the death-change meant so little. A rich heritage of parental and ancestral piety he made his own by his early self-consecration ; and, as a close, loyal, loving follower of Christ, he lived on earth and lives on in heaven. His was a character that could have been formed in no other school than that of Christ,—rich, not only in the robust and hardy virtues belonging to him who appears in prophetic metaphor as the Lion of the tribe of Judah, but equally in the gentler graces, the finer lines and more delicate tints, the meekness, sweetness, loveliness, endeared to us in the image of the Lamb of God. I have known him and loved him from his infancy ; and, as we had lived in dear friendship and unbroken intimacy for many years, it was my hope that in God's good time he would perform for me those last offices of piety which it was my sad privilege to perform for him.

While his and my friend, his coeval and schoolmate, will give you precious reminiscences of all that they had in common and of that heart-union too close for death to part, I want to speak to you especially of his work as a minister. In the pulpit he was pre-eminently a Christian minister, re-

garding himself as standing in his Lord's place, delivering his message, dispensing the treasures of his gospel, and with the supreme endeavor to be a faithful steward of the divine mysteries committed to his charge. He sought not popularity; he catered not for applause; he cared not to attract the public eye or ear. But he watched for souls,—for the avenues of access to heart and conscience, for the spiritual wants and needs of those to whom he ministered. He spoke the truth in love. Yet he used great plainness of speech. His rebukes and warnings were direct and unsparing, and they were aimed, not, as is the habit of the time-serving pulpit, at the sins of other communities and classes of people, but at precisely the temptations, defects, faults, delinquencies, to which his own hearers were specially liable; and such words of his always went to the heart, because they came from the heart and bore the impress at once of loving earnestness and of sacred obligation. His sermons had superior artistical and literary merit. They were carefully planned, thoughtfully elaborated, gracefully written, and never without the manifest purpose of teaching, convincing, persuading, comforting, or edifying his hearers; and, while their average standard was high, I have often listened to sermons of his which I wanted all the world to hear. I have in distinct remembrance a series of sermons on the Lord's Prayer, so redolent of devout thought and feeling, so full of ethical wisdom, so clear in the presentation of eternal truths in their relations to our own time and condition, that, if published, they would have won a cherished and permanent place in our best religious literature. He showed a rare felicity in his sermons on special occasions, whether in commemoration of the dead or at epochs of peculiar historical interest. His sketches of character and his tributes

to those of precious memory who have gone from us can never be forgotten, nor can we fail to recognize with gratitude his chief part in the bi-centennial celebration of this church, with the discourses that preceded the memorial day.

His loyal service to this church as its historiographer will be thankfully owned when we all shall have passed away, and I cannot but believe that the benefits derived from his pastorate will be still more enduring. I speak not now of what he has done for individual souls, which has a diffusive power God only knows how wide, and lasts on through eternity. But I refer to what he has effected for the permanent prosperity of this church as a religious organization, with its own peculiar place, mission, and methods. His settlement occurred when the westward trend of the Protestant population was occasioning important, perilous, and in some instances disastrous changes in most of the older churches in the city. Dead conservatism in your minister would have stranded this church in respectable and stately, but inevitable decay; while the rash enterprise of headstrong progress might have saved the name of the church, by forsaking its venerable site, abjuring its hallowed associations, and despoiling the beauty of holiness which still marks, and, I trust, always will mark, its Sunday worship and its solemn feasts. For you the only wise conservatism was progressive; the only safe progress was conservative. This blending of the two elements so often ruinously disjoined was, I will not say your minister's policy (for policy, though in itself a good word, is commonly used to denote what he was incapable of), but it was in accordance with his character, his principles, his reverence for all that is truly venerable, his earnest, unresting, yearning philanthropy. The growing adaptation to the needs and demands of the times has been gradual, stepwise,

but with each step so carefully measured in advance that there has been no retrograde movement. He felt that, whatever might be fitting in a new congregation, wonted and inherited rights of possession, occupancy, and control should not be rudely disturbed, yet at the same time that a church has for its only legitimate charter the gospel of propagandism, "Freely ye have received; freely give." His aim, and a successful aim, has been to make your organization, with no essential change of form, a centre and source of widely extended Christian endeavor and influence. The hospitality of the church to strangers has become generally known, and is made largely availing at all seasons, and especially in the summer; and it was Mr. Foote's desire, in which I know that he was cordially seconded by some of you with whom he took counsel, to keep the church open through the summer for the benefit of those transiently in the city, and especially of the great and increasing number of those who cannot obtain regular sittings at such churches as they would prefer to attend. In the same spirit, the church has been fitted for evening use, opened for mid-week worship, made the meeting-place for various associations of charity, social reform, and beneficent effort.

The courses of Sunday afternoon sermons which our pastor has arranged from year to year, while they have been of eminent usefulness to large congregations, have been a means of strength to the church, keeping it in the broader fellowship of the saints, in sympathy with the best minds and hearts in various communions,*—affording a living illustration of the virtual unity of Christian faith under differ-

* Mr. Foote's own words were: "I have tried to make King's Chapel stand in its place in the kingdom of Christ, and in fellowship with all Christians."

ing names, and an efficient protest against that narrow, mean sectarian separatism which it is hard to tolerate anywhere, but which is nowhere so pitiful and despicable as under the name and profession of liberality.

In the broad field of the world's charities, you have had in every direction your minister's leadership, constant sympathy, and active furtherance. It has been his earnest endeavor to enlist you all in actual Christian work, not by mere contributions in money, but by your giving yourselves, always more precious and availing than anything else that you can bestow, and immeasurably enhancing the value of whatever you may give beside. Much of this work has been done in ways on which there is no trumpet-sounding,—service which has its only record in grateful hearts on earth and in the book of life in heaven,—labor for the sick poor, for the neglected boys on the street, for heathendom at the North End, for homes that are unhomelike, for children orphaned by the worse than death of their parents. No cause of human welfare ever failed of your pastor's advocacy, and his action in such behalf was not the mere yielding to benevolent impulse, but a service with mind no less than with heart, with a judgment hardly ever at fault, and with a perseverance that never lost sight of a worthy end till it was attained.

In these matters, in his whole professional life, in the various complications that occur even in the most peaceful and happy ministry, we who have known him well have witnessed equal discretion and firmness. Because he never uttered an ungentle word, he may have seemed pliant and easy to be persuaded, and so he was as regarded things in which only his own comfort, ease, or pleasure was involved; but when there was a question of right, or of expediency on

the verge of right, or when the interests of others were concerned, it was impossible to move him from a judgment deliberately formed. When he had weighed the matter in hand with conscientious care, his *yes*, once said, meant *yes*, and his *no* meant *no*.

This, however, is but one aspect of the singleness of aim which gave tone to his whole character and conduct. He looked at no side-issues. He enjoyed the approval, the love, the warm devotedness which he could not but win; yet these never entered into the motive power that actuated him. A conscience that should be the voice of God that justifieth would have sufficed for him, had all the world been against him, and did suffice for him in the trials, misappreciations, and disappointments which, as every minister knows, are the common lot of the profession, even where it seems, as with him, crowned with the most abundant success and honor.

I need not say what he has been as a pastor. There cannot be a home in his flock where he has not been unspeakably dear, and especially where there has been suffering or affliction his tender sympathy is associated in the most loving memory with the comfort from God and Christ that he has carried to the stricken heart.

Nor are the least of his ministries those that have come to us since we ceased to hear his voice. The entireness of his resignation, his sweet serenity, the triumph of an undoubting faith and an unclouded hope, have set their seal upon the gospel that he preached, and demonstrated it to be the power of God unto salvation.

His ministry has been much broader than in his modesty he can ever have imagined. A light so pure, so brilliant, could not but shine as a beacon fire far and wide. I knew

that it was so ; yet, since he went from us, the testimonies to that effect have been multiplied beyond my thought. The effluence of his saintly spirit was felt wherever he was known. Persons whose connection with him was transient and seemed very slight speak of the good that he has done them. A former minister of a (so called) orthodox church in Salem, who did not know him then, told me a day or two ago of young people in his church who used to ascribe the best that was in them to their acquaintance with Henry Foote. Like testimony comes to me from various quarters where I least expected it. Love for him and grief for his loss have levelled sectarian fences. Ministers and Christians of every name claim a property in him as of their own spiritual kindred. Prayers were offered for him during his illness in churches where his voice was never heard ; and for months I have hardly met a brother minister of any form or creed who has not paused to make anxious inquiry for him while he remained here, and to express love and sorrow since his departure.

Oh, could only such lives, such characters, be multiplied, though Christians might still not all think alike, there would be in the hearts of the faithful but one fold, as there is but one Shepherd,—nay, but one fold on earth and in heaven ; for

“ One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath.”

If our sad task were to be performed, what more fitting time for it than Whitsunday, the birthday of the Christian Church, the beginning of that line of holy men ordained by the Spirit of God to evangelize the world ? Of that sacred lineage, through the might of that same Spirit, our dear

friend has wrought righteousness, obtained promises, overcome the fear and the power of death, and entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. May that Spirit breathe its own peace in the home made desolate, in the many hearts deeply smitten by God's afflictive providence, in the church bereaved of its shepherd ; and, while the faithful fail and the godly cease from among us, may it keep still unbroken the succession of those who, in the kindred and love of Christ, shall do his work and fulfil his joy !

SERMON BY REV. GEORGE L. CHANEY.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple."—Ps. xxvii. 4.

If the friend who has left us had pointed out this passage as the clew to his life, we could hardly feel surer of its fitness than we feel already. "One thing have I desired of the Lord" aptly recalls the single-mindedness which made his very body illustrious. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," seems to have been spoken for him.

Singleness of purpose, and that purpose religious, was the atoning principle in this exceptionally uniform and consistent life.

It was not a consistency attained by the omission or neglect of secular cares. The labors incident to family and friendly relationships were cheerfully accepted by him, and faithfully performed. He was a conscientious citizen. Few public men gave so much time as he gave to the least details of domestic, social, and civil duty. But through all these labors ran the golden thread of religious consecration, and hardly a wish of the moment conflicted with the one desire of his heart, that he might "dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of his life." This expression, "zeal for the Lord's house," might be confined to the church edifice dedicated to prayer and praise, and still describe with truth our friend's foremost affection. He loved the church.

His heart longed, yea, even fainted, for the courts of the Lord. How closely the vine of his love had clutched the very stones of King's Chapel, making its sober walls bright with its fresh and living decoration, is known of all men. If fitness is any sign of purpose, this church and this man were foreordained for each other from the foundation of the world. The son of an old, historic city, he found in the old age of this chapel a natural claim upon his reverence. Its memorials of a worthy past were to his mindful heart a summons to present duty. Moreover, he loved the past for its own sake. Full of sympathy and imagination, he made the dead alive again. The buried generation awoke at his call, and he tenderly restored it to its mourning friends. In the "Annals of King's Chapel" may be found the distinctive qualities of his personal character and literary work. If genius were, as another has said, the "infinite capacity of taking pains," this work would attest his genius. But we prefer to find in it the more sure and satisfactory evidence of a reverent and conscientious character. With him, whatever was worth doing was worth doing well. His moral sense forbade his confounding a blunder with a crime; but his exacting taste and his love of accuracy made all needless error an offence to him. All readers may enjoy the book he has written; but only the antiquarian or the friend who saw something of the labor it cost can appreciate the patient research which collected the historic material, the nice discrimination which separated the chaff from the wheat, the judicial charity which could be kind to the virtues without being blind to the faults of the men and times he was depicting, the blending of independent judgment with deference to other and older though not less candid or unprejudiced author-

ities, his loyal admiration of his predecessors in the pulpit, and that modest self-effacement which is the deliberate sacrifice of every man who consents to write the annals of his own church.

No vain or selfishly ambitious man is likely to be the willing or successful chronicler of an institution in which he holds a prominent place. The choice of such a work attests the modesty and devotion of the workman. And, if these yet unfinished annals secure in their completion the record of the life and services of the latest of your ministers, there will be less occasion to regret the delay in its publication, especially as much of the material shaped and prearranged by himself lies close at hand.

In that historic and abiding volume, more fittingly than here in this brief tribute, you will collect the events of that life: his birth in Salem, in 1838; his honorable extraction; his fortunate environments in the home, the school, and the cultivated society of his native city; his diligence and success at school, and later at the college in Cambridge; the perilous fever of that closing year in college, out of which he was saved, though as by fire, the price of his recovery the loss of his mother, a woman whose praise has been written by her friend, the authoress of "Half a Century in Salem," in words which describe the son as truly as the mother: "The clearest head, the most expansive heart, a wonderful insight that made her judgment of character almost unerring, devotion to her best beloved, a soul filled with religious aspirations, . . . and to this it may be added that a remarkable power of sympathy was perhaps her most delightful trait,"—like mother, like son; and then the solemn dedication of his life to God, or rather the clear recognition that his life was not his to give, but was

already given to the God from whom it came. The companions of those three years at the Divinity School in Cambridge are still living. They will tell their story; and they will find

“ The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The further searched, *enrich* them still the more.”

My own knowledge of those three years comes chiefly from correspondence and from those summer reunions which we always secured.

In these friendly communings by the sea or on the mountains, I always found the current of his consecrated purpose flowing deep and free, unruffled by the shallows and undeterred by the obstacles which the study of religion in a professional school of the ministry abundantly supplies. Dissatisfied with its past, and not yet knowing what it should be, the Unitarian Church had about it much of the feebleness and some of the querulousness of indecision. Looking back from this maturer standpoint, the sufferings of that day are seen to be the growing pains of youth. But they were not easy to endure. Few men with perceptions as keen as our friend's could have borne the destructive criticism of that time and the time succeeding without injury to their Christian faith. But he came out of the fires unscathed, and began his active ministry in undoubting assurance of the validity and sufficiency of the religion of Jesus.

So manifest was his calling and so acceptable was his sincere and fervent preaching that, even before his course at the Divinity School was completed, he was asked to succeed at Portsmouth Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, the friend who has just addressed you, as one worthy to maintain the high

standard he had set up; and he was also earnestly desired at Cincinnati.

I know how gratefully he remembered and how prayerfully he considered the invitations of those churches. But the peculiar attraction of King's Chapel, which called him at this time to its congenial pastorate, determined his choice. Hither he came in the dew of his youth, led and counselled by that spiritual father, Dr. James Walker, in whom both man and church confided. It was he who, together with the congregation then worshipping within these walls, ordained and inducted the young pastor into the duties of the place. "There are advantages in having a young man. There are advantages in having an old man. You will not expect both at the same time," said this sagacious friend to the people of this church. "Do not use your people's hearts as anvils on which to beat out your crudities," was also one of the memorable sentences in the manuscript of that address to pastor and people which Dr. Walker delivered. But with that rigorous rule which he not only taught, but kept, to cut out all the fine passages from his writings, this sentence was erased. The substance of it was retained, however; and no one would more gratefully acknowledge the influence of this wise and shrewd counsellor on the conduct of his life than our friend. While Dr. Walker lived, he was the stay and comfort of the young man, whom he loved as a son, and in whose increasing fitness for the responsible trust of this pulpit he rejoiced as the fulfilment of his belief and hope.

The popular belief that a Boston pulpit is a bed of roses can only be justified by including the thorns which go with roses. If the best assorted unions carry with them numberless occasions of difference and honorable compromises for

the sake of peace, how should it be otherwise with minister and people, when they are long united? You and your pastor have doubtless had your differences of opinion, but they have never been able to work alienation of heart. The prolonged continuance of the relation of pastor and people implies that both are consecrated to a higher will than their private wish. The attachment existing between the church and its minister here was of that wholesome and genuine kind which favors quiet content and long continuance rather than that idolatrous devotion which is generally succeeded by disappointed complaint and easy separation. "I have not called you servants, but I have called you friends," might have been his sincere message to his people. Or, taking the apostle's statement of his commission, he might have truly said that he lived among you, "not as having dominion over your faith, but as a helper of your joy." He had the rare gift of contending without acrimony and differing without ill-will. Those who only knew him as the pleasant and kindly acquaintance hardly suspected the hand of iron under the glove of silk. But it was there. He was strong and courageous for the truth as he believed it, or the right as he esteemed it. They reckoned ill who drew from his gracious bearing encouragement of their fault or sin. As in the beloved disciple, the son of Consolation and Boanerges are one. But his anger was never kindled against honest doubt or modest and regretful unbelief. Thus he counted among his personal friends many whose ways were not his ways and whose opinions were seemingly the opposite of his own. The self-conquest involved in this unwearied friendliness toward opponents in belief, in one whose thoughts and feelings were intimately allied, may only be understood by those who have been tried in the same fur-

nace and come forth with no smell of fire on their garments. I think it was never honest opinion which tried his charity, although that opinion might differ from his own cherished conviction; but his whole soul revolted from rudeness or vulgarity or crudity or flippancy or noise or emphatic half-truth or self-confident shallowness or leafy parade without a fig to show for itself. Very often it was not the thing said, but the way in which it was said and the spirit of the speaker, which stirred his opposition. It is never superfluous to recall with the living the memorials of the dead. I have not come to tell you what you did not know, but rather to remind you of things well known and to "be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me." From the day when he became the pastor of this church until now, when he has joined the company of its angels, his record has been an open page to be read of all men.

It is generally a mistake for a young and inexperienced minister to assume alone the duties of a pastorate in a large city. His inevitable mistakes would be less conspicuous and less injurious in some more retired position. Moreover, his reputation being largely made before his powers are fully developed or his capacities proved, he runs the risk of lessening his final influence by the things he does "in the green tree." It seemed a hazardous enterprise, twenty-eight years ago, to set this young graduate of the Divinity School in the place sanctified by the seasoned ministries of Freeman and Greenwood and Peabody, and only filled to full acceptance by the veteran preachers of the day. But time and trial justified the choice. The branch of that planting grew to the measure of the place. Its leaves have been your healing, and under its shade you have found rest.

Having shared with him, for several years, the honorable but laborious privilege of being the only young men in the Boston Association of Ministers, I know something of the difficulty of that situation. The rôle of Elihu among the comforters of Job proved a thankless one. If "great men are not always wise," and the "aged do not always understand judgment," neither is youth free from the peril of "darkening counsel by words without knowledge." Only slowly and, it must be confessed, ineffectively did our youthful counsels speak out in the company of the elders. Meekly we bore our part in the drudgery of the Association, the Fraternity, the various societies for the propagation of the gospel, the diffusion of theological learning, the relief of aged or needy clergy, the administration of charity, the succor of soldiers, the education of freedmen, and, besides the established and tested agencies for good, in those outbreaks of benevolent but uninstructed impulse, whose "name is Legion, for they are many." If in some kinder world our mistaken attempts to do good are counted unto us for righteousness, I am sure my friend and I shall not be found wholly wanting there. Only it is due to him to say that his investments in this dubious currency were less than his friend's.

Especially was he more sparing in his labors in behalf of ecclesiastical integration among the scattered and independent societies commonly called by the Unitarian name. His position, even more than his natural inclination to avoid entangling alliances, deterred him from active participation in the organized attempt to make a Church of churches, out of societies which had previously contented themselves with voluntary and unorganized co-operation. He would not oppose, neither did he very earnestly aid, these efforts at con-

solidation, dreading the compromises which they involve, and the levelling down rather than up, which is the besetting temptation of all associations ambitious of increase. Undiverted, therefore, by the demands of this difficult process going on around him, he was able to pour the full current of his energy and interest into the regular channels of his own church work ; and he was rewarded by its fulness and prosperity amidst changes of environment and constituency which might have seriously weakened a church less sedulously guarded and ably supplied.

So tenderly and reverently did he conduct its services that the devout were satisfied, and they who came to scoff, if any such there were among the casual attendants of the church, remained to pray. With increasing power of thought and statement until his strength failed him, he conducted the prophetic duties of his office. He found his especial charge in that sublime word which God spoke by the mouth of the prophet Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people !" He had a genius for consolation, and none knew so well as he what to say and what to leave unsaid in the memorials of the honored and lamented dead. If his words had been chosen, to be engraved upon the "storied urn" or beneath the "animated bust," they could not have better combined the tender fulness and needful brevity of elegiac inscription. Alas that his own life and character cannot be commemorated in speech of his own choosing ! As it is, we but humbly fulfil his own request in speaking for him to-day,—a task only accepted in the assurance that what our tribute lacks your memories will more than supply. Besides the regular and accustomed ministries of this church, you will recall those occasions of patriotic mourning, when this historic church has been made the sacred rendezvous of sol-

diers and citizens on Memorial Days, and hither were brought the brave traditions and sorrows of a delivered nation, to be touched by immortality and comfort. Again I seem to hear the strenuous, sympathetic voice of the preacher and the far-away responses of the martial music keeping proud holiday together. And you will remember, what I could only know by report, the bi-centennial of this venerable church, and how wisely and picturesquely — thanks largely to his instructed oversight — King's Chapel kept its two hundredth birthday. How could a church fail to love and cherish a minister who so loved and cherished all that was best in her history, her character, and her aspiration?

And now, that we may not lose the Scripture lesson which our text and the memory of our friend unite to teach us, let us walk with him, step by step, up this stairway to God's house : —

“One thing have I desired of the Lord.”

A favorite picture of our friend was Titian's “Presentation of the Virgin.” Something kindred to his own absorption in one high and holy purpose seems to invest the figure of the young girl as she walks up the temple steps, unconscious of the curious eyes that watch her, and only intent upon her appointment with God. Of all the masterpieces of Christian art,—and he knew most of them, and had studied them with loving observation,—perhaps this picture by Titian pleased him most. It hangs in his study ; and I have thought that, especially in the last year or two, the beautiful symbol had taken on new tenderness as he thought of one who bore Mary's name, and early dedicated herself in God's temple.*

“That will I seek after.”

* Mary Foote, his daughter, died Dec. 10, 1885.

To have a high goal and ever to press toward it, undeterred by its seemingly unattainable excellence and undelayed by the golden apples which a competing world drops in one's path,—is not this to combine the speed of Atalanta with the incorruption of Sir Launfal? So engrossing was this one thing with our friend—the good keeping of God's house and his own perpetual abiding therein—that he dreaded sickness, and especially its attack upon his voice, more on account of its suspension of his church duties than because of its pain or physical inconvenience. And if, as seemed certain, his life could only have been prolonged with the hard condition of never preaching or actively ministering again in his beloved church, I do not know that we ought to wish for him a longer life on earth. I know the comfort of his visible presence and the blessing of his least word or look; and, even as the beloved disciple, as tradition says, in his old age was wont to meet the early church at Ephesus and pronounce the benediction, so our John might have blessed us with the injunction to “love one another,” and it would have been enough. But I doubt if our need of his service could have been as great as his need of God's rest. What is best for him shall be best for us.

“That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.”

At first, it seems an impossible wish, the impulsive cry of a soul so rapt in devotion and so uplifted in praise that it knows not what it asks. Would the man leave the world of every-day cares and duties, and make himself a religious recluse? And is this the life set before his disciples by that Master who prayed, “not that they might be taken from the world, but that they might be kept from its evil”? Not so did our friend interpret the psalm. The gospel he

obeyed was "spirit and life," and he had learned in the school of Jesus how to find the Word within the words. Out of the heart's white heat, as from a furnace, the fluent metal runs into possible and actual life. The wishes of the sanctuary are the source of the world's best deeds. True worship makes all places worshipful. The well-kept Sabbath keeps all the other days of the week well. Thus the whole earth becomes God's temple; and the soul abiding therein with trustful comfort, dwells in God's house all the days of its life.

See, now, the reward of single-hearted devotion to God's house. "Because you have made my house your home, lo! I will make your home my house," saith the Lord. It was with our friend as it always is with consecrated men: the whole world partakes of their consecration. The division line between things secular and things religious is broken down. Nothing is secular that is done for God. Nothing is sacred that is done for self. It is not the mission of true religion to blind men to the world of sense, but rather to open their eyes to its variety, beauty, and order. Unlike the saintly Fletcher, who in the diary of his travels on the Continent laments the delight he took in the beauty of the Rhine as an evidence of his sinfulness, our whole-souled brother beheld the beauty of the Lord in the loveliness of nature. With more than classic humanity he might have said, "Nothing *natural* is indifferent to me." A man or woman more responsive to the beauty of nature I have never known. I have watched with him in the Salem pastures the radiant death of setting suns, and together we have waited to see

"The first soft star of evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest."

I remember the ocean at night, as we saw it at Magnolia, lifting its restlessness in petition to the restful skies, — “deep calling unto deep.”

And now, from Mt. Orme, we look upon the broad interval at Lancaster and see the deepening tints on the Pilot range, or reach the summit of Mt. Washington by starlight, or on Mt. Mansfield, in a cleft of the rock, see God's glory passing by, and touch the hem of his garment in the driving mist. And where land and ocean agree, like differing but united friends, as at Mt. Desert, his image makes a part of the landscape as we shall ever see and think of it. The voice of the sea summoned him as one speaking with authority; and he would visit the seashore at intervals, as one might go to consult an oracle. Once we went together to Nahant when the equinoctial storm was high, and listened silently to the sermon preached from Pulpit Rock, when the easterly storm rages and the floods lift up their voice. He would go far to see the maple-tree in its coat of many colors, what time the doting Autumn decks this Joseph among trees. I had once hard labor to dissuade him from climbing a high, snow-covered hill on a bright winter's night, at a time when he was under the doctor's orders to be careful of his throat. The “beauty of the Lord”—for such the beauty of nature was in his eyes—enamoured him; and God gave him his heart's desire, in so revealing his omnipresence that every place became “none other than the house of God,” and the stones of the field his Bethel.

Why is not this the perfect instance of what the Christian Church can do toward inspiring nature and sanctifying the earth? The “world before so fair” glows with “richer beauty” when Christian optimism interprets its forms and processes in the terms of divine mercy.

“To inquire in his temple.”

The spirit of inquiry is not always the favored spirit of the sanctuary. Too often, men are enjoined to put away from them the inquiring mind when they enter the Church, and rather to stifle than encourage the inquisitive intellect. Free thought and devout worship are supposed not to agree; and thus the modern mind, elsewhere stimulated to original and unbiassed research, grows sleepy or impatient in the temple. But the ancient psalmist regarded the temple as the natural resort of the truth-seeker. He went to God's house longing and expecting to learn something. And in this our brother proved himself the psalmist's spiritual descendant. For not only did he magnify his calling to preach, bringing here the beaten oil of his own sincere investigation and reverent study, but he called to this pulpit recognized and honored masters of religious truth. And, that no side of the full orb of truth might be missed, he invited those to speak who viewed the truth from various standpoints.

What are prophecy and fulfilment but a true reading of the universal desire, and a loud or low response to it in the life of the individual? The psalm and the man harmonize, like perfect music set to noble words. His character is the prayer's “Amen.”

Single-mindedness, perseverance, zeal for God's house and service, the love of beauty, and a reverent spirit of inquiry! “One thing have I desired of the Lord, this will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.”

If the knowledge of a tree may be learned from its fruits, why is not such a life as we have known and loved in our

Christian friend a good evidence of the truth and worth of the Christian religion? He believed it and preached it. His life and death speak even more persuasively than his words in its favor. If any witness were needed beyond our recollection of his trustful spirit and cheerful prophecy in times of comparative health, his dying days would complete the testimony. It seems as if he had been appointed to linger on the border-line between the seen and unseen worlds, that he might confirm our faith in heaven, even though, like enraptured Paul, he could not wholly report its unspeakable glories.

Early in his illness he said: "I have always been very fond of the old phrase, 'Lie low under the mighty hand of God.' When you do, the cares drop off, and the mercies stand out — so clear."

Words of happiness often fell from his lips, as on a Sunday morning,—

"Happy soul! arise and sing
In the courts of God thy King."

"It is a beautiful set of worlds we live in,—heaven and earth."

"Do not look at the mercies which are taken away, but at those which remain. They are many."

Yet he felt very keenly the trial of leaving his work incomplete. "I carry unfinished duties out of the world with me. It's a great cross to me."

He had been preparing the book of Carols for the press, and expressed regret that it was not finished. When some one said that that was a small matter, he answered, "Yes; but it's part of the perfection."

He spoke of that which was like "a ray of sunshine

coming in a dark night. It's not very black,—but it's night."

Even then—"Love is so much stronger than all this pain."

"I have perfect faith in the divine love. We can bear all things, if only the Lord will not withhold the light of his countenance."

"The promises have never failed."

He listened to the reading of 2 Cor. iv. and v.: "It's sublime. There can be no greater or truer thing than the life of such faith as that. That will last as long as the human soul endures."

"I have never had any dread of dying. Why should one dread going nearer to God?"

"So little way—so near."

"My mind is never vacant as I lie here. I can't talk; but I can think, and I can *trust*."

On the days when it seemed as if each hour might be the last, his thankfulness and serenity never failed. "It's been a happy day,—a wonderful day. I have felt so wrapped about by the Lord's peace. It's his best gift."

When suffering, "I don't like it, but the blessing is so much deeper than the pain."

He said his breathing was easier, and then, "I believe in the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of God, the very breath of life."

"The great benediction—'The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore.'—It's been said for a thousand years."

"It's the same world beyond,—the world of love, and trust, and Christ."

"I trust in the living God, our loving Father."

"Faith, faith, faith. I believe that what I have been taught is true. I believe that what those I have loved trusted in, they were safe in."

"The service of God is here, and trust is here, and duty is here; and they are worth having, and they are going to stay, and everything else is going. And I think they are just as much worth loving and following as I ever did."

"The reality of the divine help,—if only I could make others feel that, without dwelling on my own experience!"

The wide-spread interest expressed for him in his illness was a surprise; for he had always been giving his sympathy to others, and had not realized how much the affection was returned.

"I am glad so many messages of love and kindness have come to me,—they have been a real happiness."

"Thank all my benefactors. It must be a very loving word of my gratitude."

"How the wonderful love and kindness of friends surround me like a benediction!"

"I should like to reach out in blessing to all my friends."

"Such friendship is one of the eternal joys."

"I wish my people knew how I love them."

"Give my love to everybody at the church."

"Dear friends, I would fain just help them to live nearer to each other and to God."

"I feel so sure that these friends who have met me in the care and love of them here will meet me in the same care and love,—perfectly sure."

"I do so long to reach out to my dear people. I have so many things of love and trust to say to them, but I have not the strength. It's been the real bond of pastor and people."

"They know without my telling them that I believe with my whole heart what I have tried to persuade them.

"Every text of joy and faith in the New Testament says what I want to say to them.

"In all these weeks I have been trying to put together a few sentences to say to them ; but I have been so burdened by this constant discomfort that I could not. But deeper than the discomfort has been the constant sense that all is well.

"I am thankful to my friends for their infinite goodness to me.

"I am thankful to God for casting my lot in such a blessed place.

"I pray Him to bless them in all worlds."

*Message sent by Mr. Foote to the Parish, and read in King's Chapel
Sunday, April 21, 1889.*

DEAR FRIENDS,—

With a great desire, I long to be with you in the joy and thankfulness of this happy, holy Easter time. On twenty-five Easters, I have had the privilege of standing in this place; and now I rejoice to be very near in body and present with you in spirit.

Let us share together not only the flowers and the gladness, but the deepest thoughts of this festival of the risen Christ. To it belong all the heights to which our souls can rise, where we shall be in communion with the great host of holy souls on earth and in heaven, and all the deeds of ministering love of which he was the example.

“Active in charity,
Praise him in verity!
His feast, prepare it ye!
His message, bear it ye!
His joy, declare it ye!
Then is the Master near,
Then is he here.”

May the God of peace fill all our thoughts with gratitude for the great gift of trust in him as our Father and in the life eternal, which makes the seen and unseen worlds one.

EASTER, 1889, April 21.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1889.

In accordance with the desire of some of the younger ministers who have often preached at King's Chapel on Sunday afternoons, a memorial service was held in King's Chapel on Sunday, December 15, at 4 P.M. The exercises consisted of the regular evening service, followed by brief addresses. Rev. John Tunis, of Cambridge, read the opening service, which was followed by the reading of the Old Testament lesson—part of Isaiah xl.—by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, of Concord. Rev. William I. Lawrence, of Dorchester, read the New Testament lesson (2 Cor. iv.); and Rev. A. M. Lord, of Arlington, read the prayers. The services closed with prayer by Rev. T. C. Williams, and the singing of the hymn beginning, "O Thou true life of all that live."

ADDRESS OF REV. CHARLES F. RUSSELL.

I find it difficult to speak in public of Mr. Foote, and others tell me that they share the feeling. He had that finest of all gifts, a wholly sympathetic nature; and he entered into such intimate relations with his friends, and even his acquaintances, and showed them so much of his own soul, that to speak of him seems almost like breaking confidence or like publishing to the world what takes place in the privacy of the family. But this feeling of reticence illustrates at once the fulness of his nature and the meagreness of ours. He looked upon each man he met as a child of God, and felt toward him as a brother, and could therefore share with him the hopes and sorrows, the aspirations and fears, the struggles and desires, the joys and pains, that come to all men; while we, for the lack of such a regard, such a faith in our fellow-man, dare not speak of what we love most and revere most highly. Such a reticence would be out of place to-day. Let me speak to you, then, with what freedom I find possible, sure of your interest and sympathy for all that I can truly report of him whose memory we now celebrate.

When I hardly knew him, he began the acts of kindness which never ceased, and which pursue me to this hour; and I know of many whom he sought in the same way. Before we loved him, he first loved us; and, when once drawn into any close relation with him, we found him the friend of friends. Nothing that pleased or pained us was beyond his

interest. One could carry him the trivial vexations of the most commonplace day, sure that he would understand, and by his understanding help to destroy; and into the deepest experiences of the soul he entered, with an insight and affection that gave strength and courage to bear them as becomes a Christian. Each thus felt him to be his particular friend, giving oftentimes what was so fine and gracious that it was not possible to communicate it to any one else; but, though each that was near him felt the intimacy of his sympathy, no one thought that this sprang from any narrowness or exclusiveness, but instead that it was one of the manifestations of a spirit that took all that was worthy or needy within its sweep. The friendship of Mr. Foote made no man narrow or egoistical, nor did it by its own intimacy and worth separate the recipients from intercourse with others, as does that of some of the finest spirits. His soul was like the sun that holds all within its influences, and, while it warms and enlightens, strengthens and invigorates, steadies as well, and holds in fit relation to the whole universe. His friends saw that the regard he gave them was only one expression of a spirit far too great for any single utterance; and, catching from him the largeness of view and heart that always swayed him, they lived a fuller life when with him, and always a less narrow one from having been within the enlarging influence of his spirit.

In all things Mr. Foote showed the breadth of his insight and his sympathy. Not only did he care for the personal troubles of every man, but for whatever told for the good of the many he gave himself with his accustomed sincerity. He had a deep affection for this city; but he loved it chiefly because he thought it stood for what was best in culture and freedom. And he loved this church with the same intimate

regard for its past, its present, and its future that he gave his friends. But, though we all know that there was no other place in the world where he would have preferred to stand than in this desk or in the chancel or the pulpit of this church, yet here he did not give his thought and heart because this church had a certain local history, or possessed a ritual that he thought fit and helpful, or held a certain faith that he thought true. He loved this church, first of all, because it was a church of the living God, because it was a member of that body of which Christ is the head, because here was held some portion of that new and redeeming life that Christ brought into the world. In his church life, he was as intense and yet as broad as in all other matters. He had none of the smallness or bigotry so often displayed by those who make loud claims to liberality. He recognized and loved the spirit of the Lord wherever it was displayed.

And, therefore, in the whole Church of Christ he drew about him men of the most diverse characters and ways of thought. To this church ministers of opposing minds loved to come. From this desk and pulpit have spoken many that never elsewhere stood on common ground. For here was not the smallness of toleration, none of the conceit that, fixed in its own opinions, agrees for the moment to ignore or overlook the faults and failings which it never forgets. Here was not alone the acquiescence of the mind, but regard and reverence and sympathy and affection for all that was best and most worthy, for all noble aims and holy desires, for all effort for the help of man, for the extension of the dominion of the soul, for the inbringing of the kingdom of God. Men, finding that the minister and members of this church did not simply ignore differences, but really cared for and sympathized with what they knew was finest and

sweetest and most noble, have been glad here to speak of those deep and broad things in which we all agree. Nothing less than union with the whole Christian Church could satisfy Mr. Foote. "I feel in sympathy," he said in his last days, "with the Church Universal."

There are ministers in Boston, it may be, whose names are better known among the ministers of the church at large, but none, I dare say, more fully revered or more deeply loved.

Here was a man with so fine and true a nature as to enter into the cares and joys, the needs and aspirations, of all that drew near him, and yet of a spirit so broad and generous, so catholic and kindly, that he enlarged and deepened and uplifted each life through his influence. Those that love him feel his loss, and for the consolation, the inspiration, the encouragement of human souls, would perpetuate his memory.

ADDRESS OF REV. EDWARD HALE.

I have to speak of a single manifestation of this broad, deep, strong spirit which was in our friend, and which lives yet for us. We all of us have known men of justice, we all have known men whose characteristic was exceeding mercy. We have respected that justice in our friends, we have loved the mercy that we have found in them; but almost always with our respect for the justice there has come a regret that there was not more of sympathy, of human tenderness, of pity for human weakness; even in our love for the mercy in our friends, we have wished that there might have been more of strength and consistency. We felt no such lack in either direction with this friend of ours. There was in him that union we so rarely find of justice and mercy, that union which we look for in our God, and which we would fain see reflected in every child of his. He tried here upon the earth to reflect God's life and do his will, with such absolute sympathy and love as have already been spoken of. He loved, as has been said, first: he loved us even before we loved him, but at the same time with that perfect justice which knows that right must be maintained,—God's right.

There resulted from this, first of all, our great confidence in him. We could go to him at any time with any perplexity or question, sure that he would give to us wise and full sympathy; and we could go feeling perfectly sure that not out of any friendship to us would he swerve from the exact truth in his judgment. And he was so right and just in the matter

of truth that we believed the answer that he gave us, and felt that we could act upon it.

There resulted, second, that peace and calm which he showed so markedly in his life, and which were so restful, so inspiring, to all who knew him. He was not troubled lest, when he had given an opinion, some friend should be disappointed, or perhaps think that he had ceased to be his friend. He was not uneasy: he knew that, if any separation should come for a little time, at the last the friend would understand, and all would be one again between them. He knew that right at the last must prevail, and that any present discord must at the last cease; and so he went through life calmly.

I speak of the union of justice and mercy as though it were a simple thing, an easy thing; but it is not simple and easy. It requires courage such as few of us possess,—fulness of courage, knowing not even that fear which is hardest of all to bear, that those whom one would help may be hurt.

O friends, if any one has ever come to you with some question, asking you to join with him in his opinion, and you have had to differ from him, and he has gone out from you misunderstanding and hurt, then you can understand what this man suffered again and again, but always with the same steadfast courage, always true to his best convictions.

There could be but one key to such a life. One of the simplest and yet one of the fullest tributes that was paid to him some months ago was full of the one thought,—how Christ-like this life was! It was only Christ-likeness that could give that sense of justice, that fulness of mercy, and the courage by which they could be manifested. It was that spirit with which our friend was filled. Full of mercy

as Jesus Christ was full of mercy, he knew that all men were his brethren, that all men were weak, and that temptations were strong, and that the Father in heaven knew the weakness of our flesh, and would have mercy upon us. Just with the justice which was in Jesus Christ, he knew that to serve God is more than to serve men,—nay, that he alone serves man who serves that which is best in him. So, with that courage which knows that life is for all time, with that courage in which the soul rests upon the heavenly Father, he took the sword of the spirit to fight his battle, knowing that he must have the victory.

ADDRESS OF REV. H. PRICE COLLIER.

If Rev. Henry Wilder Foote is to be measured by the standards of measurement that are most in use for that purpose to-day, even when judging of the clergy, there might be little to say of him. But, thank God, he was not and is not! In these days, when success is proclaimed by the shout of the crowd and sealed with the constant notice of the newspapers, a man who lived as he prayed, who studied to do unto others as he would have them do unto him, who gave himself freely, believing that he would find his life complete if he lost it in the service of his Lord, who insisted that he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,—such a man may live his life long, if he will, unnoticed. I do not say this in a complaining spirit or with a feeling of dissatisfaction that the world is as it is. It is not to be thought strange that the noise of a drum attracts more general notice than the reading of a sonnet.

We young men are here, I take it, to honor Mr. Foote and also to acknowledge our allegiance to and belief in self-sacrifice as over against self-assertion, in Christ's way as over against either the ways of the Stoics or the Epicureans of the old or the new school. To me, in very many respects, Mr. Foote was an ideal minister, for the reason that he possessed just those qualities for which men shall praise him when they speak of him as he appeared in other capacities than as a minister. He was an ideal minister, not because he was known far and wide, not because

crowds came to hear him, not for any of the reasons that lie uppermost in the minds of many in judging of the success of a minister, but because he sought to teach those to whom he ministered not to applaud, but to pray; not to praise him, but to praise God; not to win them to any allegiance to himself, but to bring them within the influence of Christ.

The ritual of his church, that he loved and used with such rare felicity, was dear to him, not alone because it contained the prayers of the ages, nor because it had been sanctified by centuries of petitions and responses from all sorts and conditions of men, but because he could lose himself in it, and become, as he always wished to be, not the sacrificing priest, but one of the worshippers. If he loved the robes of office and the forms of this time-sanctified church, it was through no idolization of formality, but through his own self-abnegation. It was because he put on with these the Lord Jesus Christ that he loved them, and because he sincerely believed that, if he could worthily lift him up, he would draw all men unto him.

This man never allowed himself to be deceived by that treacherous Epicureanism that sanctifies selfishness under the name of "self-development," neither was he ever led to excuse a desire for prominence by claiming that thus was the gospel more generally distributed. In a word, all those mental processes which men go through to persuade themselves that it is necessary to do something very pleasant to one's self in order to do one's duty fully were unknown to him. His church was not known to the world, as are so many churches, by the names of their ministers, but by its title as a place of worship. So, in all his work as a minister, he accepted unhesitatingly what ought to be the very

law and the prophets of any ministry in the name of Christ, — namely, that only he that shall lose his life shall find it. In these days, what the Church has most to fear is not mental, but moral scepticism. Our branch of the Church of Christ, at least, fears no honest doubt, dreads no investigation and no new discovery. The doubts we have to fear are not the doubts born of the intellect, but the doubts born of the desires and used by the doubter as excuses either for indifference or for license. It is on this account, again, that I think of this ministry so lately closed as an ideal one. It was the life of the man, his motives, his hopes, his ambitions, that make him peculiarly fit to be held up again and again to men, not only as a minister, but as a man.

If he seemed to the casual observer to lack force,—and I smile to think any one could believe that,—it was because he did not use his powers for purposes to which most men put theirs. He could not be induced to put himself forward, and the world judges of the vigor and force of men by their ability to propel themselves. Therefore, because his powers, both moral and mental, did not take the usual forms in exhibiting themselves, men failed — I mean those who knew him slightly failed — to appreciate that both his moral and mental powers were uncommon. He would back a good cause with unflagging enthusiasm. He would help to forward another's business with untiring zeal. He would oppose what he deemed an evil with a patient persistence most discouraging to the evil-doer. But for his own efforts he had no great enthusiasm, nor had he much zeal in forwarding personal ambitions; but the moment it was for Christ's sake,—and no one was more quick to see when it was for Christ's sake,—then he was a giant.

There may be many such men about us,—I dare affirm

that there are,—but certainly this age does not make them conspicuous. He who shouts loudest shall be heard, he who dances and makes grimaces shall be looked at, and he who proclaims himself shall be believed. So at least it seems at times. But there is another side to this that Mr. Foote saw, as all wise men see to-day. The shouts are heard, but with the cessation of the sound ceases also the thought aroused by it. When the silly posturing stops, those who looked scatter: not so with the thought or the movements of a higher order. Those who listen to wisdom hear it all through the day, in every duty and in every trial; and, when wisdom ceases speaking, love begins doing. Those who look upon the dignity of a peaceful life turn away, not to forget, but to imitate. So I say, again, that there was much of what is to me the true ideal in this ministry that is even now ministering to you in these chapel walls, as it has and does and always will minister to me.

For these very reasons, few men were more likely to be misjudged by strangers than was Mr. Foote. His manner and conversation were not those expected of a man of forceful character; and yet there are very many of us to-day who, if asked to give an example of a man of unswerving integrity, of one whose character might be described appropriately by the use of such words as “steel” or “rock,” would name the late minister of this chapel, Rev. Henry W. Foote. When it came to a question of principle or where it was a matter concerning his own duty, he was as inflexible in his actions as he was mild in his manner. Those who took this sympathetic, gentle-voiced, mild-mannered man for one of easy habits and of wavering opinions, or one whose sympathies might be used to control his policy, found, sooner or later, that they had to deal with a man whose courtesy

and whose readiness to serve were by no means indicative of his willingness to follow whoever led or whithersoever the road went.

“Whose powers shed round him, in the common strife
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.”

So it was that the faith of this man which kept him gentle also made him strong; and, if ever a minister fully realized how clean and pure must be the medium through which God manifests himself to men, he realized it. Like all men of this finer stamp, he made it clear that faith is the very blood of the soul, and not merely a certain poise of the mind. This it is makes the communion of saints to which he rightfully belonged, not because of his theological opinions, but because of his spiritual loyalty. The faith of the majority of men is not very well assimilated, and is not always allowed to stand in the way of their aggrandizement or even of their personal desires; but the faith of this man, when it ran counter to his personal comfort or pleasure, was still allowed to control him. His beliefs were acted upon more than they were talked about; and he was one of the rare persons whose creed lighted up his face, and softened his words, and made gentle the touch of his hand, and kept him in the reverential mood toward all things good and true and beautiful. When he spoke words of consolation to others, they were words charged with meaning; for with them he had consoled himself. If he gave the benediction of peace

to the weary and the discontented, it was with words that had made peaceful his own life. If he counselled calmness and hope to the restless and the impatient, he brought out from his own heart the calm and the hope that had held him when the hot breezes blew. In short, the sincerity of the man was not the sincerity of words, not even the sincerity of manner, but the sincerity of character; and it was both unmistakable and undoubted.

How very much more I could say! much more, because it is not the points of a character that I am trying to describe, but because it is an influence which both you and I feel even now, and which touches so much of our own lives that we feel about it as though it were the dew from heaven which moistens and refreshes every hope we have, and could therefore be spoken of in connection with all the varied concerns of every day. Many other men have left more tangible tokens of their power: few men have left more *intangible* tangible forces at work in their own neighborhood.

“Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

“For, while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets waking,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.”

So with this life. I think of it, not as the proud river, bearing triumphant upon its bosom the wealth and pride of a nation, flowing strongly, surely, and finally with rush and turmoil into the sea; not as breaking with foam and roar upon a wide shore, but rather as stealing into the lives

of men through the creeks and inlets. Here gently, imperceptibly, it has poured its influence into the restless, heated life of one who was only to be reached by reiterated proofs of love. There it has softened a harsh feeling and cooled a feverish impatience or despair. And, while men were watching along the shore to see a great tide of popularity or self-confidence sweep in, there were flooding into their lives in countless ways the faith and love and trust, the splendid spiritual tide, of this man's life. Into how many lives his influence poured itself I know not. You and I are here to signify at least that into our lives, through various and hidden channels, he entered ; and, when we turn in discouragement and try to mark the progress of the race or the advance of religion, or to find proofs of the vitality of the Church, it will be well to remember the faith and hope that swept into our lives through many creeks and inlets from the life of your minister, and one of my kindest friends, Rev. Henry Wilder Foote.

ADDRESS OF REV. T. C. WILLIAMS.

These have been no ordinary eulogies, but the tributes of most sincere personal affection on the part of these ministers, young men, each one of whom looked up to him as a personal friend, and as an example in the Christian ministry. We speak here of the qualities which you are all familiar with, and yet each testimony has its own personal worth. Speaking here among the friends and to the friends of your late minister, I am reminded that I did not know him long, and that I had not seen him many times. Yet I came to him at two periods of extreme distress and need in my own life. And from that time I have counted him in a peculiar sense to have been my own minister. Many of you have come to him at such times, and touched that wonderful sympathy of his. You have seen that heart of his so full of the love of God that it could take your trouble into its prayers and bring you that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. He made me understand, as no other man has ever done, what a Christian pastor can be. These are things to which no words can do justice, and yet there was the secret of the power of your minister's life. It is for that reason that this place to-day, so many months after his departure, is filled with these mourning friends.

The impression of a life like that is lasting. Yet we do not do the man justice, if we stop our tribute, our eulogy, at the description of his extraordinary Christian character. He himself, with his sincere modesty, might shrink from these

tributes to his personal character, yet would he rejoice in any setting forth that could be given to the ideal which inspired his ministry. He was a conservative, not of that type which shuts out new light from fear, or clings to the old form because of inertness of soul. His was a conservatism of reverent affections, with a profound sense of the unity and the eternity of Christian truth. He was the minister of King's Chapel. This institution became to his mind a kind of symbol of that progressive Orthodoxy which was his ideal of the development of Christian history. He stood, not only in his own denomination, but in the Church of America, almost alone. The progressive Orthodoxy, the broad Churchmanship, now rife in many denominations, was, in his early manhood, almost unknown in this country. King's Chapel, to which he was called of God, if ever a minister was so called, became to him the symbol of what the whole Christian Church might do; how a company of the faithful, without laying aside any of the beautiful garments of Zion, without losing any of the prayer and the song of the fathers, could go forward into larger liberty.

I say he was a conservative. One of my friends has spoken of his courage. I think of him as a conservative under difficulties, without loss of reverence or faith. He wrote, with rare, historic skill, the "Annals of King's Chapel"; and he was able to see in every part of that history, from the beginning to to-day, his own ideal of the church, at once reverent and truth-loving. He saw that ideal presented at every step in the development of this church. The man was, first and foremost, not a worshipper of the past, not a formalist, but an enthusiastic idealist. It seems to me that a less reverent Christian, studying the origins of this chapel, which were political rather than relig-

ious, and the connection of this society with the English Church during the last century (when it was certainly at its lowest spiritual ebb), might have felt indifferent to such a history. But he could penetrate beneath all that. He knew this church had been from the beginning a church of God; that those English families brought here something more than the love of king and the love of the old home. They brought with them the love of the Church catholic, of the prayers and the songs of the Church in which they were born, and in which they hoped to praise God till they died. To Mr. Foote, this picturesque past stood for that continuity of Christian faith in which he believed.

For a man to preserve at once his conservatism and his firm faith in progress in this environment was a proof of a fervent, idealistic mind and a most constructive imagination. I believe that you are fully impressed with your minister's ideal of the position of King's Chapel in the American Church. You know that, if this church is to live, if it is worthy to live, it must be something far more than an interesting historical monument or a revered family tomb. It is and will be a church of Christ, representing that union of reverence with the love of truth which has been its heritage for these many generations.

He belonged also to a generation in which faith seemed declining. We are witnessing at the present time a renaissance of theology, a general awakening of interest and vitality in all branches of the Church of Christ. But Mr. Foote lived through a generation in which doubt was extreme. Here again he was conservative under difficulties. I believe that the great service which this man has rendered to his time by his Christian consecration is perhaps, most of all, that he was a living epistle of that faith in the living God

which is not born of the metaphysics of the schools, but which springs out of the consecrated Christian heart. He was not one of those who could neglect the progress of theological opinion ; but never did he base his position, or urge upon you the Christian life, as a merely intellectual concern. His life as a minister, like his life as a man, sprang from the rare qualities of his heart. He had, in his dealings with this church and with Christian truth, something of that heart-intuition which characterized him in his dealings with us one by one. You know that tact of his, which came not from the ordinary clever perception of a situation, but from the rare delicacy of his feelings. You know that extraordinary power he had of putting himself in another's place, from his perfect power of self-abnegation. These same qualities determined his theological position. I never knew a man in whom the successes of his life and the formation of his opinions were more distinctly and evidently the fruit of his spiritual life. There are ministers whose eloquence in the pulpit seems to be no part of themselves. You meet on the street and in their homes men whom you may admire as organizers and philanthropists ; but, when they speak from the pulpit or go into the house of sorrow, they appear as men playing another rôle. There was nothing in your minister of the man playing a number of delicate and difficult rôles. He was a man who impressed his own Christian character on everything he did ; and, therefore, he did everything simply and naturally. These personal qualities of his are the key to all the successes, not only of his pastorate, but of his position in the American Church. His sympathetic reverence, his power of entering into the emotions and feelings of other persons and other times, his power as a pastor, his reverent conservatism, made his place unique among us.

At a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of King's Chapel, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :—

The Wardens and Vestry of King's Chapel deem it proper to place upon their records some expression of their sense of the loss which the death of Henry Wilder Foote has brought upon the parish.

For twenty-eight years its pastor, he gave to it generously the whole service of his mature life. This service was ever marked by earnestness, sincerity, simplicity, and modesty. He never sought popularity or applause, but labored in all humility to make real the Christian life among men.

Conservative in temperament, his mind was open to progress. Gentle in speech and manner, there was in him the fibre which has strengthened the arms of soldiers of the cross and of martyrs.

Of sound scholarship and accurate historical sense, he looked to the Past for its wisdom to be applied to the Present and Future. He was a good citizen. All works of wise philanthropy and needed reform found in him a friend and advocate. Where there was sorrow, he brought tender sympathy and entire faith. None who heard him ever doubted his honesty of conviction or catholicity of belief. Firm in his own opinions, he was liberal to the opinions of others.

In his death the Society of King's Chapel laments the loss of a loving and devoted friend and of an able and consecrated pastor.

A true copy from the Records.

CHAS. P. CURTIS, *Junior Warden.*

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Foote, Henry Wilder
Memorial services in King's
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